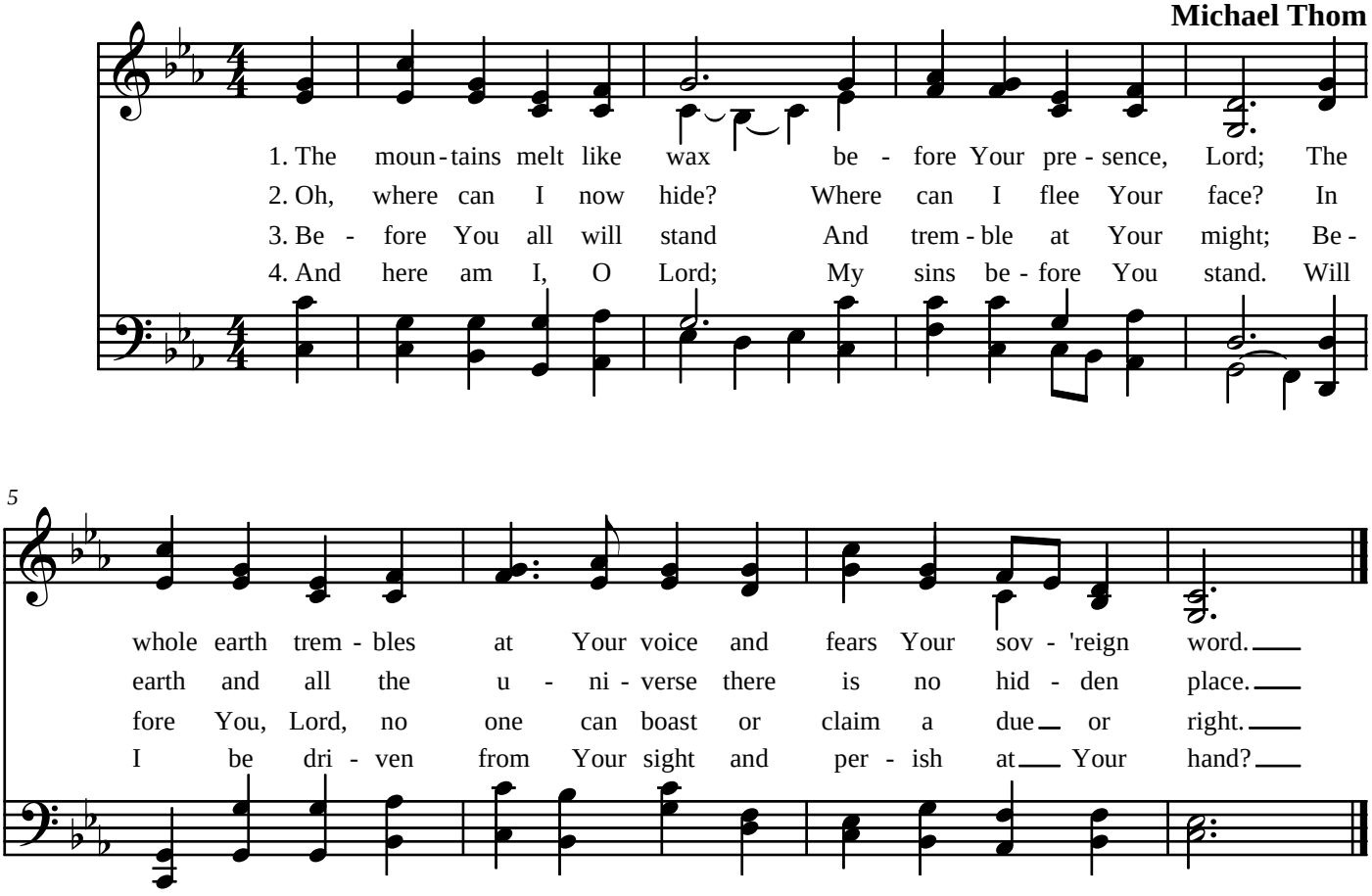
The Mountains Melt Like Wax

Michael Thom


1. The moun - tains melt like wax be - fore Your pre - sence, Lord; The
2. Oh, where can I now hide? Where can I flee Your face? In
3. Be - fore You all will stand And trem - ble at Your might; Be -
4. And here am I, O Lord; My sins be - fore You stand. Will
5
whole earth trem - bles at Your voice and fears Your sov - 'reign word.
earth and all the u - ni - verse there is no hid - den place.
fore You, Lord, no one can boast or claim a due or right.
I be dri - ven from Your sight and per - ish at Your hand?

5. Thanks be to Christ, our Lord,
Who now in heaven appears,
Who stands before God's mercyseat
And calms my inmost fears.

6. Your righteousness, O Christ,
Brings favor from God's throne;
Your holy blood pays all my debt
And makes God's house my home.

7. With heaven's joy I come
Into Your presence now;
New songs of thankfulness I sing
As at Your feet I bow.